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His One Time

and a few others



By J. E. SANFORD



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His One Tune

and a few others

By

J. E. SANFORD

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Fredonia, N. Y.

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By J. E. SANFORD
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TO
EDWARD DOE,
THE BEST OFFICE BOY IN THE WORLD.



Pietro is old and is bent and is gray.

Decoration by EARL HORTER

His One Tune

Pietro is old and is bent and is gray.
A worn barrel organ he turns all the day.
And one tune you hear every time **you** pass by,
That old childhood favorite, sweet "Rockaby."

"Rockaby baby, on the treetop—"
Into his cap the pennies now drop.
"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall—"
What tender visions those old notes recall.

Men who are busy with weighty affairs
Pause for a moment forgetting their cares.
Memory quickly goes back to the day
Their own mother sang it her own loving way.

"Rockaby baby, mother is here—"
Surely she is; you can see her face dear.
"Angels of slumber, hovering nigh—"
Pietro, there's gold in your old lullaby.

Pietro's one tune echoes on year to year;
Poverty's gnawing he never need fear.
Rivals may come with their ragtime more spry,
But Pietro will win with his sweet lullaby.

"Rockaby baby"—memory's wings
Take the man back as his money he flings.
"Rockaby baby—" evening draws nigh—
O, Pietro, once more with your old lullaby.

Good Old U. S. A.

We've South and North and West and East,
And forty races to say the least;
We fight and quarrel o'er petty things,
And talk of anarchists, trusts and rings;
But just one hint of our country's call,
And the grand old flag is over all.

Let Europe sneer at our politics
And call us a loose thrown bunch of sticks,
To scatter widely when trouble nears.
One crisis serves to dispel all fears;
When moved to strike us, the foeman finds,
The grand old flag is the tie that binds.

We've men from all the warring lands;
'Twas said they never would join their hands;
We've people here of all sects and creeds,
But they'll stand as one for the country's needs
And we don't believe that we soon can fall,
When the grand old flag covers each and all.

Loyalty

You may boast with right of the rocket flight
Of your shining motor car.
You may tell the run your machine has done
When you've never known a jar.
You may learn by heart ev'ry bolt and part
And in "tuning up" rejoice,
But I'll take the course with my good bay horse
Who thrills to hear my voice.

You may pass me far with your zipping car
And your gait keep all the way,
And perhaps the speed of my good old steed
May flag by close of day;
But he pulls the rein, and he says as plain,
"Old Scout, you're there, I see,"
And no mere machine can e'er come between
Such fine old chum and me.

You may love the feel of the steering wheel
As you whirl the landscape by,
And may strain to snatch the slightest catch
In the works, with ear and eye,
And with practiced skill you may mend each ill
And delight each part to test,
But my good old bay will look down and neigh,
"Yes, it hurts, but you know best."

And perhaps your lights show the road at nights
As a guard from crash or fall,
But my old bay's sense is a sure defense
And I have no fears at all,
And till nerve and mind and a love most kind
Can be made of steel and brass,
You may speed your way and I'll keep my bay,
Who neighs when he hears me pass.

The Men Who Have "Got Across"

They come from the ends of the dark backwoods
And sleep in a hall-room cot.
They starve for a year on their twelve a week,
And worry and work and trot;
Deliver the goods for a stingy wage
In fear of a grinding boss;
Oh, later they like to tell these yarns—
The men who have got across.

They know what it is to be "down and out,"
With neither a sou nor friend.
They know how to make a pittance last
When it's days to the glad week-end;
They know turned collars and home pressed
clothes,
When a dime is a grievous loss,
And some of them help a friend in need—
The men who have got across.

'Tis life to sit in the cool cafe
With a crowd of self-made men,
When they drop the waiter an extra tip
And call up old times again;
And they laugh at the rocky road they went
Till it takes an asphalt gloss.
The kings of the earth with their hearts of gold,
The men who have got across.

Micawber to Date

"Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditures twenty pounds, ought and six; result misery."—Wilkins Micawber.

Mae Green works in a dry goods store;
Her pay is six a week,
Try as she will to make ends meet
She cannot stop the leak.
With board and shoes and waists and hats
And seven cents for lunch,
She sees the gray wolf at the door
And hears his molars crunch.

And Hiram Jones works in a shop:
His weekly wage is ten.
He finds he cannot meet the pace
And mix with other men.
While Joseph Smith gets twenty-five
And rents a little flat.
He says with food and tiny shoes
He don't know where he's at.

John Higgins at one hundred per
Is member of a club,
For theatres and taxicabs
He feels his purse-sides rub.
And Rufus Hawes, the millionaire,
Declares it makes him sigh
That palaces and limousines
And jewels are so high.

The chase to catch expenses is
The problem of the hour,
No matter if you're poor and weak
Or rich and blessed with power.
And one thing stands before the rest
In waging of the fight,
No matter what our income is,
Micawber had it right.

In the Path of the Frost

The first frost crept like a nightly thief
O'er field and garden and vineyard fair,
And he laid his hands on the vine and leaf,
And when he parted, no joy was there.
For he clutched the throat of the waving corn,
And it bowed its plume and its life was fled,
And he stopped the blood of the plants ere morn,
And the garden drooped as a field of dead.

And the blue grapes back from the spoiler shrank
When he stripped their cloak of protecting green
Though the blow fell short, their defense hung
dank,
And they knew their fate when the wind blew
keen.

O'er field and garden and vineyard fair,
There was death and weeping and terror rife,
But the woods were touched with a radiance rare,
And the dull leaves blossomed in hues of life.
And the little brown nuts rattled down in glee—
“We're out of prison—ha, ha, we're free.”

Robert J. Burdette

Rest on the earth your weary head,
Hard as it is to be one's bed,
'Tis softer for your gentle smile
That made this wilderness worth while.

O modest, pathway-cheering friend,
Who gathered sunshine but to lend,
And found more joy the more on earth
Because each soul to you had worth.

In seeking a frail wife to cheer,
With humor, homely and sincere,
You found the hidden lamp whose flame
Has made all people love your name.

No Midas treasures were your store,
The wealth you had was worth far more.
It greater grew for what you gave,
And is not vanished with the grave.

Delightful, gentle, trusted man,
If all the race but held your plan,
Each member would be comrade true,
And would be mourned as we mourn you.

Jones and Brown Dodge the Gossips

Said William Jones to Hiram Brown, "Let's go out for a walk;

I'm tired of all these women folk's everlasting talk."

Said Hiram Brown: "They get my goat as sure as you are born;

Their tongues run on from morn to night and then from night to morn.

I stayed around a sewing circle just the other day,
And conversation that I heard ran on about this way:

'Why, Judith Jenks, how do you do? That dress is just too sweet.'

'Say, have you seen that woman that has moved in on our street?'

'Now when I can tomatoes I use alsprice, 'stead of cloves.'

'We had such times with little flies; they just came in in droves.'

And then they started on one stretch, with something said by each,

About the clothes a woman wore that stayed down at the beach."

"Say, let's forget about 'em, then," suggested William Jones;

"There's Isaac Jenkins coming, driving that old bag of bones.

I'd surely think he'd get some style; just look at that old rig—

Why, hello, Ike, how's taters? When you going
to kill your pig?

"I hear Joe Barclay's bought him a new reaper."
"Is that so?

Where under sun he'll get the cash to pay is
more'n I know."

"You look all spruced up, William; why I bet a
fly would slip

That struck that piece of clearing you made on
your upper lip.

A safety?" "Well, I got one, but I couldn't
make it do;

Gone back to my 'old broad-ax'; Hiram, how is
it with you?"

"I had one of those 'Triplex' that an agent made
me buy;

But easy (when I say that I must wink the other
eye)."

"Some pipe that—what you smoking? Clippings?
I like 'Cabbage Blend.' "

"Grange Thursday, just for routine; I don't
think I shall attend."

"Gone, Isaac? Well, so long, then; stop around
when you come back;

I ain't been to the crossroads till I mighty near
lost track."

"He's gone, that old pestiver; come on, Hiram,
let's go in;

But the gossip of these women is a thing I hate
like sin."

The Old Furniture

Did you ever give your home up, store your furniture and leave?
Did you ever for a year for the familiar objects grieve?
Did you ever view a stranger's things in lodgings or hotel?
Then the feelings when one's own arrives, perhaps you know full well.

It seemed one time you never wished to see the stuff again,
You thought you loathed the fixtures from reception hall to den;
But a year of hired apartments and of friendly things a dearth
Makes one think that his old rubbish is the dearest stuff on earth.

You stroke the chairs and tables as pertaining to yourself,
And there's benediction placing your own books upon the shelf;
And the sun-light through the windows takes the old-time kind of glow,
And Big Ben resumes his ticking where you stilled him months ago.

Every dent upon the bookcase, every crack in frame or glass,
Has a history familiar that grows fonder as years pass;
And the mars and breaks of shipping seem like wounds upon a friend;
You are grieved that they should happen and you do your best to mend.

Oh, the bridal pair seem happy in their cozy
little flat,
With their "dollar weekly" table and their wed-
ding present mat;
But for furniture and fixtures to bring out the
lasting smile,
You should labor years to get them, then just
leave them for awhile.

To a Blue Eyed Hostess

Here's to nature's color true,
Many-mooded, queenly blue—
Blue on earth and blue on sea,
Robin's egg and fleur de lis,

Blue below and blue in skies,
Blue of blues within your eyes,
Nature holds no fairer hue,
All-pervading, lovely blue.

Eyes of black may flash like coals;
Eyes of gray may search your souls;
Eyes of brown may plead with you,
But we trust those eyes of blue.

Drink to beauty, drink to grace,
Drink to form or drink to face—
Hostess, all of these we do
When we toast those eyes of blue.

No Irating Matter

“War is what Sherman said,” they laugh
When some strange name defies the tongue;
Thus solemn word is turned to chaff
And saddest meaning lightly flung.

How few there are who stop to span
The years to where ’mid shot and shell,
Brave Sherman, gallant, tender man,
Gave that grim message, “War is hell.”

Friend fought with friend, the nation bled
In internecine rivalry,
When Sherman his brave army led
Across old Georgia to the sea.

That suff’ring on his path must trail
On weak and ’fenceless, he knew well,
Yet knowing that he must not fail,
He grimly uttered, “War is hell.”

The solemn word becomes a jest:
’Tis lightly bandied here and there,
By those who might not stand the test
Should real war’s tocsin rend the air.

While millions fight and thousands bleed,
And widows’ wails join in the knell,
’Twere better for the gay to heed
The meaning of that “War is hell.”

A Walk in the Rain

When it seems that all of creation
Is full of trouble and pain,
I love to break from the turmoil
And go to walk in the rain.

Wrapped in a cozy oil-skin
Rain-drops against my face,
Cool all the day's vexation,
Wash out each fretful trace.

No one to bar my progress,
No one to note my mood,
Here in the seething city
I can find solitude.

Screened by the driving rain-drops,
Shielded and fresh and free,
All of the world seems fashioned
Just for my thoughts and me.

Air that was never cleaner,
Never a thing to cloy,
Balm for the pangs of heart-ache,
Coolness and life and joy.

Visions of happy moments
Come in an endless train,
Nothing on earth quite like it,
Walking out in the rain.

Knitters--Then and Now

The knitting women count twenty-two.—Guillotine scene in Tale of Two Cities.

In the dampness of a wine-shop,
Where dark Paris loomed around,
And the rising revolution
Cast its shadow on the ground,
Sitting, sitting, sitting,
Knitting, knitting, knitting,
And the record of their stitches
Was of heads to kiss the ground.

O those vengeful Paris women
Underneath the despot's heel,
Longing but to see oppressors
Bleeding 'neath the falling steel.
Knitting, knitting, knitting,
Flitting, flitting, flitting,
Here and there with clicking needles
Ceaseless as the fatal wheel.

But the glass of time has brought us
To another day of strife,
With a mass of freezing soldiers
Fighting for each nation's life.
In the trenches lying,
Dying, dying, dying,
In the snow in open trenches,
Thinking each of home and wife.

Once again the knitting women
In each mart and home are here,
But the message of their needles
Is a word of hope and cheer,
Sitting, sitting, sitting,
Knitting, knitting, knitting,
In the hope of doing mercy
To the men to some one dear.

Home

We're housekeeping now in our own little flat,
And it's home.

The rooms they are bare, but we're careless of
that,

For it's home.

The furniture still is a thousand miles west,
We're missing the things that we always liked
best;

But we get our own meals and we laugh at the
rest—

For we're home.

A cot and a stove and two boxes for chairs;

But it's home.

No table—we eat on the trunk, but who cares?

For it's home.

Two cups and two saucers—no, nothing in
“twelves”—

Two knives and two forks and two spoons—and
ourselves—

Two plates and some other small things on the
shelves—

But it's home.

We've stayed at hotels till we hate the mere
name—

Now we're home.

And the boarding-house life is a homesick old
game—

So we're home.

We'll eat and be merry of canned goods and tea,
And think of the feasts in the home that's to be,
And a happier pair is found nowhere than we,

In our home.

His Thanksgiving

He sat on a stool in a "ham and—" lunch
And gazed at the man in white.
His eyes roamed thence to the rude-chalked signs
That blinked in the glaring light.

He glanced at the "Sausage and wheats for ten,"
The "Pork with a side of peas,"
And said: "Yes, I'll take just a little more
White meat, with some dressing, please.

"The turnip is fine, and I'd like some squash,
But I'll have to leave room for pie.
Just pass the gravy; I'll help myself;
I don't like potatoes dry.

"I'd like to eat more of this home-cooked stuff;
It's good to be home once more.
Hello; here's a wishbone; who wants to wish?
I'll bet there's some luck in store."

The white-coated man gave a meaning frown,
"Your order, or leave," said he.
The customer's mind with a start came back.
"Well, what shall I eat? Let's see.

"Some cabbage and ham, and some coffee—
dark—
My limit, I guess, today.
That leaves me a nickel? You keep it, friend.
Forget what you heard me say."

Amateur Packers

The mail clerk earns his money now,
Of all times in the year;
The letters and the mailing cards
Pile up to make life drear;
But what bring on the greatest gloom
And yet are borne the most
Are bundles that come open in
The Christmas parcel post.

They've ninety kinds of covering
And eighty kinds of string;
They'd spill their store of Christmas cheer
If they should get one fling;
But Charlie, Al and Jim and Pete,
Deal gently with the mess,
They know each bundle bears its freight
Of loving thoughtfulness.

A package splits to show some socks
Sent to an absent son;
A box-lid breaks and spills the ties
Inscribed "My Little Hon—"
With rips and cracks and sifts and splits
The mailmen would go wild,
But knowing of the hearts behind
They keep a manner mild.

The shipping clerk no mercy gets
When parcels fall in twain;
The mailmen and expressmen vie
To show he gives them pain;
But weird and frail and fearsome loads
Are carried through the mail
When Christmas spirit guides the hands
Whose skill may often fail.

The Doll's Benefit Ball

The Dolltown Social Register devotes a page of
space

To telling of the benefit that recently took place.
The ballroom was a toy store that was trimmed
in red and green,

And dolls of every age and size lent color to the
scene.

'Twas given for the benefit of dolls in other climes
Whose Christmas would be darkened by the
troubles of the times.

In former years these dolls had been the fairest
of them all,

Their absence was the only thing that marred the
splendid ball.

And yet here was a source of pride, the Register
narrates,

To see the beauties who were reared in the United
States.

Whatever might be lacking in complexion, poise
or dress

Was made up by the many charms of native love-
liness.

Miss Ethel Pinkcheeks led the line in gown of
filmy lace

With Captain Arthur Bluecoat, finest soldier in
the place.

And tripping through the mazes were a throng
of great and small,

While little Kewpies ran with punch and cake
around the hall.

They opened with "Virginny Reel" to break the
social ice,

Then paired off for the waltzes, which were al-
ways encored twice.

And then some dancing dolls showed how the
latest steps are done,
And when all tried the tango there were all
amounts of fun.

The music was the finest that the Dolltown band
could play,
And Dolltown's Santa's visit made the revelers
more gay.

Refreshments then were served, and dolls could
not have eaten more.

The party lasted till 'twas time to open up the
store.

The proceeds will be sent to aid the foreign
Christmas cheer,

With wishes kind and earnest hopes for better
times next year,

The Register, however, lets a clever reader guess
The dolls were glad they didn't have to vie with
Paris dress.

Borrowed Sweets

The plum cake mother set away
For Christmas weeks ago
Will soon be brought to view again
On festal board to glow.

With pride she hid the precious loaf
From eager little eyes
With thoughts of Tommy's wonderment
And Susie's glad surprise.

But when the cake is brought to light
'Twill bear the marks of thumbs.
They didn't steal the cake, mamma,
They only picked the plums.

The Gift He Liked

Smith sat at his desk when his Christmas was
done,

And gazed at the ash-tray inscribed, "From your
son."

Cigars from his wife he reserved for a "bore,"
Then turned to some bills and the envelopes tore.

"To desk set"—yes that's the one daughter
gave me:

Why throw out the old one is what I can't see.
'Cigars'—why can't wife let me buy them my-
self?

'To dressing gown,' only to lay on the shelf."

With comments like these he communed with
his ills,

While adding the total of Christmas gift bills;
Then he groaned at the sum and maligned old
Saint Nick,

When he came to a queer little package "From
Dick."

A penwiper quaint was revealed to his view,
With a serawley note: "Papa I did this for you.
It's not very good, I'm afraid; but I guessed
If I did what I could, you'd excuse me the rest."

And when he had read the queer note from his
child,

He turned to his work with a manner more
mild,

"I'll pay the bills and imagine it's joy,
For the sake of this one loving gift from my
boy."

The Jones' Christmas

Things weren't looking rosy for the Jones'
Christmas Day;
For business was slack, and Dad was lucky on
half-pay.
With clothes and rent and fuel bills and seven
mouths to feed,
It looked as if the presents would be mighty slim
indeed.

A boughten gift from each to each had been the
Jones' way
With Christmas wreaths and trimmings and an
evening at a play.
Dad dropped a chance remark about a Christmas
long ago,
And mother caught a thought that made her
pleasant features glow.

"The very thing," she cried; "we'll have the
finest Christmas yet.
With all our modern customs it is strange we
should forget."
Her project caused the children to reflect her
glowing cheeks,
And from that time to Christmas was a busy
term of weeks.

Dad tinkered in the basement with a hammer,
saw and plane,
And Mother made her knitting needles shine and
click again.
While Sis was ever busy with crochet work, silk
and floss;
The Twins did mystic little stunts and quarreled
"who was boss."

Each kept his work a secret, while the days went
flitting past
Until the calendar made known The Night was
here at last.
The Twins had trudged Johnson's woods for
hemlock: spruce and pine,
While Sis slit colored papers which she worked
an hour to twine.

The family sat 'round the fire while Sis and
Mother read;
Then every one his stocking hung and slipped
away to bed.
Some stealthy sounds were heard around the
house throughout the night,
But no one sought to see his gifts till Christmas
morning light.

Then cries of pleasure filled the air in varied
key and tone,
Each chaffed the other's glad surprise, and mar-
veled at his own.
The twins had sleds, a bookcase Sis; a workbox
Mother drew.
These were Dad's gifts; the others furnished
each his quota, too.

They spent the day comparing notes about each
clever ruse,
And dinner found the group with all the joys of
earth let loose.
They played the good old-fashioned games and
when the evening came
They sat around the fire again and watched its
homelike flame.

And Dad and Mother told about the days when
they were young,
While all the children on their words in eager
rapture hung.
The time went by so fast it seemed as if the
clock was wrong
When midnight chimed and Mother said " 'Tis
time to run along."
And as good-night was said to each with loving,
hearty cheer,
They said the "hard times" Christmas was the
best in many a year.

For Which We Give Thanks

We stand at peace with all the world,
What word more welcome could we say?
With swords in sheath and war-flags furled,
We gather for Thanksgiving Day.

What word more welcome could we say,
When looking out beyond the waves.
We see the horrid, bloody fray
That fills a million rough-dug graves?

With swords in sheath and war-flags furled,
What Nation favored as are we?
We watch the strife that tears the world,
And thank the Hand that keeps us free.

We gather for Thanksgiving Day,
And may our praises never cease
To One who makes it ours to say,
With all the world we stand at peace.

Under Immune Colors

Over the cruiser-combed eastern track,
Swept by marauding bands,
Guided to bristling, mine-strewn ports,
Welcomed by warring lands;
English and German and French make haste
Giving a passage clear,
Speeding the craft that is friend to all,
Ship of the Christmas cheer.

Loaded by loving and thoughtful hands
Where from grim war we're free,
Sent for the comfort of troubled ones,
Stricken across the sea,
Heavy with generous gifts to bring
Sunshine where now 'tis drear,
Seldom a craft had such errand glad,
Ship of the Christmas cheer.

Jason the name of the noble boat,
Named for that hero old,
Him who the perilous seas once sailed
Hunting for fleece of gold.
Rich the reward that his voyage brought,
Back in that ancient year,
Richer the treasure the Jason holds
Treasure of Christmas cheer.

Contrasted Pleasures

I went to the city and spent my pile
In tasting its far vaunted luxury.
Each one whom I met had for me a smile
As long as my money was flowing free.
While bills had a rustle or coin a clink,
The lightsome gay world was my willing pawn,
But no wind so chill through a cabin chink
As the looks I received when my cash was
gone.

I went to my home and I found a glow
Of fire and candle and dear ones' glance,
The chair that I love and the books I know
Of history, poem or fine romance.
More shining by far, than the bright cafe
The radiance shone through that happy place,
And none when my riches had flown away
Would answer my nod with a chilly face.

The city has pleasures if one can pay.
Subservient all to the chink of gold,
But gone is the gleam of the Great White Way
For one when the end of his wealth is told.
But home and the loved ones and books and
chair
Are lasting for him who will seek their grace
And better to seek for your comfort there
Than scatter your substance in empty chase.

His Proud Moment

There were honors for the Mogul when the Sons
of Thunder met

With a banquet and some speeches and the
rest.

He'd risen from their number till the brightest
crown was set

Upon his brow and all did his behest.

He'd been Ruler of the Punjab, Prince of X an
Lord of Y,

The order knew his name from sea to sea,
But the honor of this evening was the highest of
the high

When he gave his eldest son the Third Degree.

There were high officials waiting to escort him
to the throne;

He waved them back and sought a place apart
Where "torture" tools were kept that might
abash a man of stone

And implements to cow the bravest heart.

"Have every pitchfork sharp," he told the mas-
ter of affairs,

"And have the goat as frisky as can be.

I want to show the Order we're a family that
dares.

I'm going to give my son the Third Degree."

And when at last the candidate was led into the
hall,

With warlike mien the Mogul barred his way.
And when he saw the way his son responded to
to the call,

He almost lost the lines that he should say.

He gave him all the hardships of the Road to
Jericho;

He didn't spare a thing from A to Z,
And the crown of all his honors was the priv-
ilege to know

His eldest son had stood the Third Degree.

A Changeable Saint

"I know that Santa Claus is real,"
Said little Johnnie Fry,
"Because my papa says he is,
And he don't tell a lie.

But out on Broad street yesterday
I saw him ev'ry block,
And if he brings the things I asked
He'll have a heavy stock.

"But here's the thing that puzzles me
With all my faith in him,
Some places he'd look round and fat,
And sometimes tall and slim."

The Earthquake

The monster, Earth, but wrinkled up his hide
Where it was stiff from lying in the sun,
And with that wriggle countless hundreds died,
Nor cared the monster at the carnage done.

Sport

The lake is floored with gleamy ice;
The air is crisp and keen
The shouts of joyous life rings out
And glint of skates is seen.
And skimming swift with merry zest
The dancing skaters fly,
While mingled colors weave a charm
Delightful to the eye.

Sing hey, sing ho,
And here's a lively race.
Sing ah, sing oh,
And there's a stirring pace.
With laugh and shout,
And merry whirl and ring.
The sport of sports is at its height
And every lad's a king.

The pigeon wing and figure eight
Are cut in ardent glee.
The cross-steps test the skater's skill,
A dainty thing to see.
While boys and girls in mystic maze
Through varied figures reel.
In little groups you'll see them try
A tango done on steel.

Sing hey, sing ho,
And whirl and glide and dip;
Sing ah, sing oh,
Be careful not to slip.
With whirl and scrape
They glide and sweep and sing.
The sport of sports is at its height
And every lad's a king.

The Stranger

'Tis tough to be a stranger in a busy city street
And watch the tide of people ebb and flow
And find in all the faces that your waiting glances
meet

There's not a single feature that you know.
The types you see remind you of Josephus, Tom
or Jim;

You start to speak, then catch yourself and
halt;

But 'twould seem just like the music of the an-
cient Seraphim

To have a man step up with, "Howdy, Walt."

The heart of any snowstorm is a place of perfect
peace;

There's no one to molest and none to sneer;
Your thoughts come as companions in a stream
that does not cease;

The solitude is filled with life and cheer;
But the loneliest and blindest place a man can
ever be,

That leads your very soul to cry out loud,
Is to find a total stranger in each living face
you see

In any thoughtless, selfish city crowd.

Sometime from out the turmoil you will catch a
friend from home;

He'll not escape if it's within your power;
You'll make him tell in detail stuff enough to
fill a tome

Of people whom you knew in childhood's hour.
The people of a city are all human I suppose;

That they don't know you may not be their
fault;

But oft and oft a fellow sees them pass in hur-
ried droves

And longs for just one voice to call him Walt.

The Commuter's Sunday

Six days he's rushed each dawning morn
To catch that hated train—
Alarm clock's call, a jump, a run,
Resentment in his brain,
But on the Sunday sweet his sleep
And late the breakfast bell,
This day he needn't go to work,
His peace is hard to tell.

Where egg and toast he'd snatched in haste,
He eats his lazy fill,
And then his Sunday paper reads
In peace serene and still.
The shave he'd done with fever haste
Consumes unheard of time;
His bath is tempered to his taste;
The water seems sublime.

And now with jacket and cigar
He roams about the place
And plans his garden for the spring
With smile upon his face.
The children troop around his steps,
New color in each cheek,
And tell the things they've kept in store
For Daddy for a week.

Perhaps he cares to go to church
And grace the family pew;
Perhaps he sits at home to smoke
Until the session's through;
But dinner, best meal of the week,
Finds all around the board,
The emptiness of six long days
In just one hour restored.

Some calls, a walk, mayhap a spin,
Then tea and parlor light,
An evening passed with books or chat
And then at last "Good night."
Next day the same old rush resumes
With haste and chase and din
But one full day in peace at home
Is worth it all to win.

The Commuter

Up from the bed at the dawn of day,
Razor and tub and clothes,
Munching his breakfast while on the way,
Just as the whistle blows;
Catching the rail of a moving train,
Crowding to find a seat,
Searching to answer to "Tickets, please!"
Glimpsing the morning sheet.
Mixed in a hurrying jam of life,
Plodders and "plebes" and "plutes,"
So the kaleidoscope, changing fast,
Whirls when a man commutes.

Off at the transfer as like as not,
Then into Jersey Town,
Crammed in the lift in a carload lot,
Dropping for fathoms down;
Then with a rumble the bulging cars
Through the cold tunnel glide,
Belched to the busiest spot on earth
Over on Gotham side.
Day after day in a hectic swirl
Swifter than "shoot the chutes."
Still there's no life of the kind on earth,
Once any man commutes.

Men Who Have Borne

There are men we meet who appear apart
From the world and its small affairs,
Who are not puffed up by its plaudits weak
Nor crushed by its petty cares,
Whose souls are deep and whose minds are broad
And who grasp things broader, higher,
They are men who have gone through the flaming
flames

And have come forth tried by fire.

They have held their way to the jaws of death.
They have felt the cruel knife,
They have watched the bed where their loved
ones lay

And have seen them pass from life;
And from out of it all they have caught a gleam
To which only few aspire;
And they're known to all who have felt their
touch

As the strong men tried by fire.

And the little gains and the paltry pelf
That the meagre minded chase
They will cast aside as not worth the while
And will seek a nobler race.
For their sorrow shows how the little things
Whether trouble or desire
Are but straws that lie in the upward path
Of a soul that's tried with fire.

They will seek the good of the whole wide race
And will aim to make it rise;
And no ant-hill height will content the aim
That is guided to the skies;
And the world has cause for its blessings full
And its sons will never tire
In their glad acclaim of friends of man,
The martyrs tried by fire.

The Suburbanites' Outing

Fresh and crisp from the morning trains
The up-State folks arrive;
They came to town for a pleasant day,
And they show that they're alive.
They laugh their way past the taximen
Who'd like to take their pelf,
For the ruralite in the town to-day
Can look out for himself.

They know the way to the best cafe;
They mix in the shopping swirl;
And the city dame no more looks down
On the well-dressed country girl.
They get good seats for the matinee
Or look some paintings o'er,
With a dinner, sumptuous, but well-bought,
As a pleasant thing in store.

At night they go on the Great White Way
That leads to the playhouse bright,
And they pick with care from the passing shows
And their choice is often right.
They compare this star with the one last month
And discuss the words and plot,
And a garden luncheon ends their stay
In the town as like as not.

Then happy in a day well-spent
They go to the midnight train,
That will roll them back with lightning speed
To their rural homes again.
The "rube" with hayseed in his hair
Is gone from city strife,
And the ruralite who comes to-day
Gets all that there is in life.

When the Bugles Blow

(Written after seeing a Canadian soldier bid his little son good-bye on his way to a train at Windsor, Ont. He was bound for the mobilization camp at Val Cartier, and thence to the front.)

Why do you squeeze my hand, daddy?
Why do you walk so slow?
Why are you sad to-day, daddy?
Just hear those bugles blow.

Why does my mamma cry, daddy?
Why does she sob that way?
What do they mean by war, daddy?
Why are you sad today?

Why don't you look more glad, daddy?
Dressed in that pretty coat?
I always shout for joy, daddy,
Wearing mine on the boat.

O, what a nice big gun, daddy—
Can I shoot that some day?
Why do you squeeze my hand, daddy?
Why do you look that way?

See all the soldier men, daddy—
You going with them, too?
See how they get in line, daddy—
What are they go'n' to do?

Why must you go with them, daddy?
Why can't you take me—why?
Why do you hug me close, daddy?
Why do you say good-bye?

Vanished Race

He went to Stringtown on the Pike
To find a rural scribe.
He read of them and thought he'd like
To know one of the tribe.

The kind that ran an Army press,
Took cabbages for pay
And told how Perkins killed his pig
And Bronson shod his bay.

The rural scribe was waiting when
He left the morning train.
He had the latest auto car
Without a scratch or stain.

He took him to the office clean
And showed his linotype.
No hayseed printer lounged around
And smoked a corncob pipe.

The scribe had stock in trolley lines
And money in the bank,
He wondered why his city guest
Should look so very blank.

"You brought your evening clothes, I hope;
We have a ball tonight."
But he who sought the corn-husk press
Had found relief in flight.

Good-Bye, Old Friend

I've followed you from childhood's hour
And through each passing year,
Through days of life and pride and hope
And other days more drear,
I heard you ask her for her hand
And saw her loving look,
And now I'm forced to say good-bye—
I'm finishing the book.

The author calls it twenty years;
It's been three days for me
Since you were widow's loyal son
With trousers out at knee,
I saw the village bully trounced,
The fruit theft rightly placed,
And then through school and college days
Your triumphs I have traced.

And when to Congress you were sent
And still were up in air
If Mary Blake, your childhood friend
Was yet in mood to care,
I couldn't go to sleep at night
Until she said the word,
Although I read 'twas whispered low,
I heard, old friend, I heard.

And now on page 399—
The final one's four hundred—
I see the puzzles all explained
At which so long I've wondered,
I turn the page and friendship's zeal
Brings joy almost to laughter,
Because the page assures me you
Lived happy ever after.

The Old Grip

The aged salesman took his grip
From off a dusty shelf.
'Twas worn and old and bent and patched
In keeping with himself.
He felt each time-worn snap and hinge,
Each handle and each lock,
And said, "Old grip, both you and I
Are rather out of stock.

"You stuck by me through thick and thin
When I was on the road.
I sometimes hated you because
You made such heavy load,
But if you missed the trains, I knew
That I had lost a friend.
You 'had the goods,' and showed them, too;
Your aid you'll always lend.

"I carried you from coast to coast
When I was in my prime,
On shorter trips when it was found
That I was past my time,
And when they dropped me from the roll
With message of regret,
I clung to you and brought you home
And we are comrades yet."

The salesman wiped his dimming eye,
"Good-bye, old friend," said he.
"The road's a long, long way behind
That welcomed you and me;
But sometimes I must get you out
And feel each hinge and lock,
For each of us has had his day,
And each is out of stock."

They Care For Their Own

They suffer and labor and bleed
All over the earth's broad face.
They've millions who are in need,
This suffering Hebrew race.
But when he has coin to give
And trouble to him is known,
Wherever a Jew may live,
He cares for his race's own.

For ages o'er land and sea
They've wandered 'neath scourging rod,
And seldom have been left free
To serve as they would their God.
But this is recorded bright
In looks by the Great White Throne—
With shekel or widow's mite,
They care for their race's own.

The faith that has kept them strong
Through centuries' cruel clash
Of pillage and fire and wrong
And sting of oppression's lash,
Has caused them to grasp and save
Till you say they have hearts of stone,
But in palace or hut or cave,
They care for their race's own.

Let Kishineff's bloody tale
Be told in a fairer land—
As soon as a ship can sail
They load it with lavish hand.
Let hunger and want take wing
To Hebrews in any zone,
Their jewels and cash they fling—
They care for their race's own.

Though writers may paint them dark

In stories forever fresh,
Of Fagin with ways that cark,
Of Shylock with pound of flesh,
Full many might heed the way
They answer the widow's groan.
Like no one on earth to-day,
They care for their race's own.

Welcome Caliee

Hello, my litt-a bamba boy,
Come-a to bring da papa joy,
Evera day in da fruit-a stan'
I keep-a da eye for my litta man.

Alwa' smilin' da same-a way
Like waves they laugh in da Naples bay,
Cheeks so rosy they seem to me
Like da sun-a set in da Eetaly.

Speak da piece what you had to learn,
My! dat's good as da play-house turn.
Some day bamba, when you're a man,
You'll be orator in da lan'.

Here! dat orange da best I got,
Still you getta da best—why not?
Somehow, nothing but best will do
For American boy as nice as you.

What? You going to mamma, eh?
Well, come back on some otha day.
Want a penny? For candy? Yes?
You're American boy, I guess.

Little Tommy Ray

Little Tommy Ray
Is happy all the day.
His home is in an alley
Where you'd think it hard to play.
But be that as it may,
Wee Tommy has a way
Of making most of everything
Which in his path may stray.

A broken stick to Tommy is a prancing, frac-
tious steed,
A soap box is an auto with a record-breaking
speed.
A three-wheeled, worn-out roller-skate he res-
cued from the trash
Is coach and four that any prince would envy
for its dash.

For little Tommy Ray
Has a sunshine making way
And there always will be happiness
Wherever he may stay.
And the skies must needs be gray
Wheresoever he may stray
That can dampen Tommy's spirits
When he wishes to be gay.

His mother goes out washing and his father's
long since dead,
And his brothers cannot go to school but have
to toil instead,
And you'd think that little Tommy would feel
sorry all alone;
But for half a block around him you can hear
his merry tone.

For little Tommy Ray
Sees all things the cheerful way.
If there's no one else around him
Why, he's all the time to play.
If you asked me, I should say,
That we might spend any day
With much profit taking lessons
From our little Tommy Ray.

Progressive Laziness

When he had to build a wood fire
Every morning in the cold,
He declared to have a furnace
Would be worth a pile of gold.

But when that was in the basement,
He declared it gave him pains
To reach out of bed each morning
And adjust the damper chains.

Now he has them automatic
But 'tis still an awful shock,
For they regulate by clockwork
And he has to wind the clock.

Fanny J. Crosby

Her lips are still and o'er her form
A nation drops its tears.
But notes like hers will ne'er be stilled
Through all the passing years.

They're Off

With pawing hoofs and straining necks
And coats smoothed down full well,
The legislative nags are off,
They just have heard the bell.
The yearly steeple handicap
Is being run once more.
The mounts will make the course as they
Have made it oft before.

Adown the velvet quarter-stretch
The prancing nags will glide—
That's when they get the flowers from
The patrons of their side.
But soon the hurdles will be seen
And they'll begin to fret.
When voters call for favors
They can never hope to get.

The water jump will meet them
On the local option issue,
But some will dodge the suffrage fence;
Oh, "duckers," how we'll miss you.
The brush jump will be offered
When it comes to public tracts
And then the last grand hurdle
That of keeping down the tax.

A few will make the run with grace
The way the course is planned,
And these will trot up proudly
To the voters' judging stand;
But others with a drooping head
And slackness of the rein
Will tell how they'll make the round
If they're sent back again.

An Adjustable Valentine

Fair lady (or are you a brunette
Or tend to rosy hue?)
My shrine shall be your eyes of brown
(Or black, or gray, or blue.)
Your slender form (or are you short
Or statuesque or plump?)
I much adore: your smile, (frown, glare)
Brings to my throat a lump.

Your tiny hand (or is it large?)
I'd love like anything
To garnish with a diamond (ruby
Emerald, garnet) ring.
Your flaxen hair (or black or red,
Peroxide blonde or brown)
So well sets off your silken (wool
Or cotton fabric) gown.

With ears like shells (snail, clam or conch)
List to my eager tale,
Turn toward me like some ocean sprite
(Or mermaid, shrimp or whale.)
Speak to me in your silver voice
(Or high, or loud, or deep),
And promise you will grace my home—
(And wash and bake and sweep.)

I'll fly with you to far Cathay,
(Or Ishpeming or Butte),
And you shall stay with me for aye
(Provided that you suit.)
I'll drink your health in nectar sweet
(Or water, ale or wine)
And crave the joy of being your
(Or someone's) Valentine.

The Freight on the Grade

Chuff! Chuff! Puff! Puff!

Labors the freight on the grade.
Pulling its train of passive cars
Each with its cargo weighed.
Far through the night its panting sounds,
Echoing loud and clear;
Oh, the memories back it brings
Buried for many a year.

Chuff. Chuff! Puff! Puff!

So went the old Way Freight,
Back on that backwoods' Erie branch;
Every day 'twas late.
Up on the grade by the Devil's Gulf,
Loud o'er the wooden bridge,
Then with a roar through the long, deep cut,
On to the top of the ridge.

Village boys leaving their berry pails
Ran to adventure new,
Climbing caboose or the sheer car-side,
Chaffing the smiling crew.
Talk of their thirty-five miles of track
Seemed more than Sindbad's tale.
Being a brakeman seemed more just then
Than on the sea to sail.

Chuff! Chuff! Puff! Puff!

Sometimes it spoils my sleep,
Lying awake I berate the trains
Climbing the up-grade steep,
But sometimes it calls up a vision glad—
Like the old Way Freight it seems,
And the clumsy old train takes me far away
To boyhood and to dreams.

The Panhandler

He came to my door at twilight
With doggedly drooping head;
He asked for a bit of money
Or maybe a crust of bread.
The place was creepy and lonely
And tramps they were thick each day,
So I shook my head at the stranger,
Who wearily turned away.

Perhaps I was right to do it;
I couldn't invite the horde
Who dropped from the nearby freight trains
And over the highway poured,
But as in the growing darkness
He shambled with weary tread,
I longed to call back the stranger
And fill him with meat and bread.

Among the great gang of hoboes
Infesting the neighborhood
Perhaps here was one exception;
Perhaps his excuse was good;
And somehow his face keeps haunting,
And somehow I hear his tread,
And I blush with shame at refusing
A brother a piece of bread.

I hope I am never needy,
Though ne'er was I blessed with wealth;
I hope I am ne'er an outcast,
All broken in purse and health.
For if e'er comes need to petition
A crumb from a rich man's store,
I'll think of the tramp at twilight
I turned from my open door.

The Stranger-Friends

Scarce one of the crowd knows another by name,

Yet each is a comrade and friend,

This group that is seen on the corner each morn

As the trolley car comes 'round the bend.

They talk of the weather, the service, the news.

Election, sensation, the game.

They nod as they meet, say "Good-Bye" as they part;

Yet none knows another by name.

At fifty past seven they're there on the street,

The same persons day after day,

They gaze up the track for a sight of the car

And guess at its cause of delay.

They chat of their foibles, their work or their sport,

Their tastes are quite often the same,

They chaff as they pay the conductor their fare,

And none knows another one's name.

This queer little club is a mark of the ways

Which city life brings more and more,

Though housed in one block or perhaps in one flat

One doesn't know who is next door.

The old rural manner of each knowing each

Is dropped for a tone of reserve,

And yet there's a greeting for each of the group

As the trolley car comes 'round the curve.

Yet sometimes the ice will be broken the while
When one of the conclave is gone,
'Tis found that he's moved or perhaps that he's
ill
Or the Reaper has beckoned him on.
The absence of one gives a kinship to all,
But soon the condition's the same,
They're friends as they wait in the group on the
street,
Yet none knows another one's name.

The Bricklayer's Plaint

The sad bricklayer took his pen
And to his love did scrawl;
“ 'Twixt you and me there seems to be
A three course high brick wall.
“No plaster e'er can heal my heart
When longings for you come;
I realize this hod, hod world
Is ever out of plumb.
“The concrete fact comes to my mind
And mortarfies my soul,
That I must ever lack the sand
To gain the longed-for goal.
“And yet I swear in these few lines,
My love shall ne'er diminish,
And should you spurn me from your life,
I'll come to some hard finish.”

The Friend From Home

With Balmacaan and carpet-bag and face alight
with smile,
My old-time neighbor dropped to town to visit
me awhile.
We used to like to stand and chat as night be-
gan to gloom,
But you can't think how good he looked with
greetings straight from home.

I ran to take his luggage as he swung from off
the train;
'Twas "Howdy, Bob; it does seem good to shake
your hand again;
And down the platform to the car and two miles
to my street
I pumped him for a steady stream like that when
gossips meet.

He told me who had filled his lawn, who had
new roof of tin,
A little local politics with dodging out and in.
I watch the back-home papers, but I didn't know
it all
Until my good old neighbor came to make that
little call.

We found the dinner ready; it had been pre-
pared with care,
It seemed just like old times to see my good
friend sitting there;
But while I piled the "helpings" and insisted he
take more,
The feast for me was home news from his never-
ending store.

'Twas late ere we owned bedtime, for we sat up
long to chat,
To keep him here next day I almost hid his grip
and hat.
For if you'd know the pleasure that a call like
that can give,
Just visit some old crony from the place you
used to live.

A Paper House

It must be nice to have a house
All for your very own,
And know that none could enter there
Save only you alone.

And yet a house that's built of wood,
Cement or tile or brick,
Is always just the same old shape
Although it makes you sick.

My house is splendid as the rest,
And suits each mental caper,
Because I haven't built it yet;
It's only done on paper.

Honorably Retired

The motor's driving horses from our fire department now,

And Jim and Pete and Jeff and Mike are booked for other trades.

Perhaps they'll run on milk-carts—"first assistant to a cow;"

Where'er they are the firemen will lament their equine aids.

When sounds the hoarse-lunged whistle and the bell clangs the alarm,

And firemen board the auto now and puffing speed away,

They'll miss the grand old horses that went tugging on one's arm,

The clatt'ring hoofs that sounded on the journey to the fray.

The wise old nags surely knew what the pealing message meant,

One stroke upon the gong would set them prancing in the stall.

They knew their place in harness, and, once coupled up, they went

With straining muscles down the way, responding to the call.

Like warriors near the battlefield, they smelt the smoke afar;

The falling sparks aroused them to another burst of speed.

The fireman may go quicker in his shining auto car.

But 'twill be many moons ere he forgets the friendly steed.

And Jim and Pete and Jeff and Mike are booked
for other work;
Perhaps the humble dirt-cart will at last their
efforts claim;
But friends will say with vigor they were never
known to shirk,
And chasing fires without their help will hard-
ly seem the same.

Friends

“My friend, come dine with me,” he urged,
When I was rich in power.
He seized my arm and led me off
To waste a precious hour,
And on the ground that we were friends,
He cozened me to serve his ends.

* * * *

“My friend, come ride with me,” he said,
When I was blessed with wealth,
And as we rode he sought to win
My cash by ways of stealth.
Insisting that one always lends
With loosened purse-strings to his friends.

* * * *

“My friend, come rest with me,” he says
When I have lost my all.
He does a thousand gentle things
To soothe me from my fall.
But he who now above me bends
Is neither of the other “friends.”

St. Patrick's Day

Ye're off for the day's parade, Terry,
With green in your buttonhole;
Ye look like the pride of life, Terry,
An' gladden your grandpop's soul;
But I wonder now and then, Terry,
If ye know what it could mean,
The first time ye heard in a free land
"The Wearin' o' the Green."

Way yonder in '49, Terry,
I came here a lad, nineteen,
With brogans upon my feet, Terry,
An' I, like our emblem, green.
The time since I left the sod, Terry,
Seemed many a long, long moon.
Till this day o' year, I leaped to hear
The dear old familiar tune.

It heartened me more than food, Terry;
I joined the parade that day,
An' that's when I met your grandma,
A colleen both sweet and gay.
We went to the priest soon after
And started on life's wide sea;
Our cottage you'd say 'twas a hovel—
Was palace to her and me.

I worked with hod and with barrow,
Then got a job on the force,
And your dad, the first of eleven,
He went to the Council, of course;
And you, there, the child of good fortune,
Have college and travel and all,
But you're never ashamed of your grandpop—
Go on now and stay for the ball.

Every Inch a King

King Albert, wise ones shook their heads
When you began to reign,
Comparing you with Leopold
For strength and grasp and brain;
O'er-looked that aged ruler's faults
To mourn his power of plan;
But Albert, you have come through clean.
And every inch a man.

They thought the gentle face was weak,
The fair hair wanted strength,
The blue eyes not the kind to see
All things the kingdom's length;
But when the war of Titans broke
And brought the awful test,
The gentle-mannered, boyish king
Was reckoned with the best.

"The Koenig is the man who can,"
The German proverb runs;
And Belgium's ruler proves his right
In face of awful guns.
Like kings of old he leads the fray
Where soldiers thickest fall.
What'er may come, the gentle king
Will be a king of all.

The wise ones gravely shook their heads
When you began to reign;
They said the power of Leopold
Would never come again;
But 'twixt the millstones of the great
We hear your true steel ring—
A man, though ground to nameless fate—
And every inch a king.

The Heel Marks on the Bookcase

You think you should plane off the heel-marks
From the top of my antique desk;
You say that they mar the finish
Of the bookcase so picturesque,
That the nail-marks will always be showing
On the polished mahogany board,
But by planing it down to the surface
The luster might be restored.

Perhaps you are right; let me see them;
'Tis true they deface the wood—
Yes; here is a tiny crescent
From a shoe that was stout and good.
I must have been all of five, when
I stamped in that group of nails
As I climbed to what then seemed a mountain
For "Andersen's Fairy Tales."

Here's another, a little larger—
I'd say from a child-size "10".
I presume it was "Gulliver's Travels"
That I was in quest of then;
And this near the other corner
Brings memories long forgot
Of the time I first made the acquaintance
Of that peerless romancer, Scott.

A child by my father's bookcase,
I ranged through the shelves at will
With his kind, wise mind to help me
With treasures my own to fill.
His books were my friends in his absence;
I had license to seek and to learn.
I suppose that I scratched up his desk-top,
But I gathered up wealth in turn.

I know they're not handsome to look at,
Those tracks in the polished wood,
But they mark out a trail of sweet memories
When their story is understood.
Why, yes, you may mend the veneering
And put back the broken panes;
But the heel-marks, I think I will keep them
While the story they tell me remains.

The Great Event

Now soon the men of bat and ball
Will walk into the fray
With blaring band and cheering crowds
And small boys' "Hip! Hooray!"

The umpire with majestic mien
Will bellow forth "Play ball."
The runners down the white-washed lines
Will heed the coacher's call.

"Yer out!" the ump will call; "You're blind!"
The angry crowd will roar.
Pop bottles, cushions, threats and groans
Will fly at him galore.

Primeval-minded lusty fans
See joy too great to speak.
The spring-time season's on again—
The Peps are home this week.

Traffic Law Violator

My name is Dotty Dimple and I'm three months
old today.

I s'pose that I'll be four before they let me get
away.

My papa says I'm funny and my mamma says
I'm sweet;

But I'm arrested for obstructing traffic in the
street.

It used to be such fun, you know, to be there on
the walk,

Your buggy turned this way or that while
Mamma stopped to talk;

And more than forty babies, big and small and
white and black,

Would all be mixed up oddly with the buggies in
the track.

But lately the police have almost spoiled our lit-
tle club,

They say the street's for walking—isn't that the
purest flub?

We had to have our buggies all lined up along
the curb,

Where no one could fall over us and no one could
disturb.

My mamma didn't like it and it also made me
sore,

So she left my carriage crosswise when she went
into the store,

And the big policeman took me and he brought
me here to jail—

Oh, there's my mamma coming; wonder if she's
got my bail.

For the Good of the Cause

"I shall not go to Sing Sing unless the prisoners there want me.
—Thomas Mott Osborne

'Twas on a dreary morning;
The jury had returned,
And Blinky stood to hear his fate—
A warehouse he had burned.
'Found guilty,' was the verdict;
The judge said, "Twenty years;
Hast aught to say?" and Blinky rose
And blurted through his tears:

Chorus:

"I cannot go to Sing Sing,
They do not want me there;
In their elite society
I cannot have a share.
I cannot go to Sing Sing;
They do not care for me.
O, Judge, the thing for you to do
Is just to set me free."

'Twas in a Chinese laundry;
The birthday feast was spread.
Sing Lee, the master of the day,
Sat at the table's head.
He called on flute-voiced Yum Gow
To give his latest song,
But Yum made answer in these words,
With face both sad and long:

I cannot go to sing, Sing;
They do not want me there.
For melodies like those of mine
The diners do not care."
A rice-bowl stopped his protest;
'Twas easiest to fling,
And as he struck the floor he moaned:
"I cannot go to sing."

Shortcake Time

Give epicures the costly work
Of chefs of high degree,
An humble dish of middle spring
Is good enough for me.
For never man has made a meal,
Methinks he never will,
Like supper in a farmhouse room
With shortcake on the bill.

With flaky crust of snowy white
Well spread with butter o'er,
Then luscious berries crowded thick
Till it will hold no more;
Another layer like the first;
Perhaps a third on top;
You think that you can eat for aye
And mourn that you must stop.

The bright cafe may have its call
For those who like to roam,
But there's no dish like one I know
And that cooked right at home,
And if I were to choose the place
Wherein to eat my fill,
I'd choose some cozy farmhouse room
With shortcake on the bill.

On Review

Boy Scouts, good scouts,
Sturdy, brave and true,
Strong for any service,
Quick to dare and do,
Boy Scouts, bold scouts,
Trained in brain and hand,
Great to serve the welfare
Of your native land.

Boy Scouts, bold scouts,
Braving cold and damp,
Hiking o'er the country,
Rounding up for camp,
Trail craft, wood craft,
Art of making fire,
Odors soon of supper
Which we most desire.

Boy Scouts, our scouts,
Following the flag,
True to God and country,
Never known to lag,
Strong scouts, clean scouts,
Every one true-blue—
Guardians of the future,
Hats are off to you.

Compensation

The New Year's now begun, lad;
It may mean much to you,
And much you may have won, lad,
Before its time is through;
But this is to remember,
The truest saying yet—
From New Year's to December,
You pay for all you get.

The man who hunts for treasure
Must pay in toil and care;
The man who seeks for pleasure
Will find the cost is there.
Perhaps in reputation,
Perhaps 'twill be in health,
There's always compensation
To make for joy or wealth.

It may be that your money
Will come to you again;
That days with sky more sunny
Will follow days of rain.
But health and reputation
And friends are hard to call
When once you've lost the station.
You may regret them all.

And so there's this to say, lad,
Beginning this new year.
Where'er you get, you'll pay, lad;
The law is plain and clear.
But where the valuation
Is worth the value lost,
Don't fear the compensation;
Turn in and pay the cost.

The Musical Melting Pot

Neighbors in the Ghetto vie
To prove each nation right.
Ally, Teuton, neutral mix
And quarrel day and night.
But the Ghetto children know
No enmity nor pain
When Pietro's street piano plays
That Tipperary strain.

"It's a long way to Tipperary"—
Lithe limb and toe
Twinkle in posture merry,
And the childish features glow.
"Good-bye, Piccadilly,"
How they catching the witching air—
"It's a long way to Tipperary,"
But they know no care.

Tiny Ivan swings Katrina
In the whirling maze:
Little Jakob grasps Carina
As the music plays.
Micky Finn with Lou from Tyrol
Steps along so gay.
For race lines are forgotten in
The Tipperary lay.

"It's a long way to Tipperary"—
Thrill to the sound.
Pietro's a mediator
As his crank turns 'round.
Teuton and Celt and Tuscan,
Tots from Spain and France
Join in the common measure
Of the Tipperary dance.

Good Friday, 1915

Since that dark day, so many years ago,

When Christ was offered for the people's sin,
Good Friday ne'er has dawned on so much woe
As this, its yearly date, has ushered in.

Now nations that acknowledge Christ a king

Strike at each other's throats and will not
cease.

For what was all that awful suffering

Our Lord endured to bring a day of peace?

But as the tomb which took His mangled form

Was burst for Him at Sabbath's early ray,
Perhaps the love He bore us, mild and warm,
May usher in a world-wide Easter day.

Memorial Day

Fluttering bright o'er each soldier's grave
The flag of the land that he helped to save
Beckons the passer as if to say:
"Honor the dead on our heroes' day."

Some have lain long in their last low tent;
Others have gone from a long life spent
Serving their country in peaceful ways
E'en as they did in the war-time days.

Strong were they once both to dare and do.
Those that are spared are but weak and few.
Still let the nation they saved display
Meed to the dead on our heroes' day.

“Cooning” Grapes

Concords are on the market,
Best of the vineyard's goods—
Baskets from fragrant basswood,
Cut in the Arkwright woods,
Bringing me back Chautauqua,
As by a magic boon—
Baskets of luscious Concords
From vines where I used to “coon”.

Names that I know on the labels—
Benjamin, Putnam and Moore,
Masters of fruitful uplands
Bordering Erie's shore;
Visions of waving vineyards,
Warm in October sun,
Merriest shouts of the “huskers,”
Mixing their work with fun.

Wagons with richest burdens
Bound for the fragrant shed,
Beautiful, hazy autumn
'Round you and overhead,
Breeze from the lake at evening,
Clouds o'er the harvest moon,
Long, shady aisles of grape-vines—
That's where we used to “coon.”

Fatty and Enoch and Lefty,
Doddy and sly old Jake,
Watching the farmers' windows,
Ready to make “the break.”
Dewy the vineyard stretches
Under the fitful moon.
Stolen fruits are the sweetest—
That's why we loved to “coon.”

Chases through shadowy grape-rows,
Touch of the night-chilled fruit,
Sweetness supplied by nature
Doubled by zest of pursuit,
Vision of angry farmer
With rock salt loaded gun,
"Chankings" left on his doorstep,
Just to add point to the fun.

Innocent faces at breakfast,
Hearts beating out a tune—
Wonder if father's "onto"
The fact that we've been to "coon."

* * * *

Let me look over the labels—
Thompson and Horton and Moon,
Hutchinson, Farnham and Adams,
Washburn and Peter Kuhn.
Cracked are the clusters from shipping,
Warm from the heat of the town—
I'd give a whole month for one evening
"Cooning" from Jockey Brown.

Better than banquets and dinners,
Better than joys of a June
Are memories brought by these Concords
From vines where I used to "coon".

Mother Jones

Her form is bent; her hair is gray;
Hard work and care have had their way;
But restless workers heed the tones
Heard from the lips of Mother Jones.

She leads the strikers at the mine,
Like horses driven, housed like kine.
She pleads their cause before the great,
Who have no answer but their hate.

In South, in North, in East, in West,
By every workman loved the best,
She bears their hardship, soothes their care
And teaches them their cross to bear.

She champions the down-trod man,
As militant she leads the clan,
Yet when to fight would do most harm,
She counsels workers not to arm.

'Twas so at Roosevelt yesterday;
She urged the men against a fray,
And counseling for ways of peace,
Her voice made the uprising cease.

"Showing" the Folks

Silk hat of vintage '98,
A dress suit loaned by Mose;
Big diamond made of Pittsburg plate
And mammoth lapel rose.
No, 'tis no comic masquerade,
No calethumpian hoax—
The "back home" crowd will dine tonight,
And he must "show" the folks.

The City by the Bay

(Panama-Pacific International Exposition)

In a golden time in a golden state,
A city rose by a golden gate,
A city of fairy dreams;
And the gate looked out on a boundless sea,
And the city was fair as fair could be
As it glowed in the sunset beams.

And its jewels gleamed like a queenly crown,
And its graceful lines dropped softly down
To the rippling, dancing bay.
The city was built for a short, glad year,
But the people, told that its end was near,
Would hold it with them for aye.

“ ‘Twill melt,” said some, “like a vision fair,”
As the dewdrops melt in the morning air;”

But the hopeful ones said, “Nay.
We will keep the best of our city here
To gladden us in each passing year
With its beauties by the bay.”

—San Francisco Examiner
Copyright Star Company.

One Welcome Ghost

We've witches quaint and goblins dread,
And spectres gaunt with misery,
And graveyard spirits, seers' spooks,
And all the eerie galaxy;
But Tam O'Shanter and the rest,
Who've taught us this dread troop to shun,
Can't scare us from the office “ghost”
That walks each time the week is done.

Aerophone Trouble

With a head-band near to her shell-pink ear,
Sat the aero-hello girl,
And the mass of tones from the world's five zones
Set her fluffy head awirl—
For the Persian Shah and Siam's Poo-Bah
Were making a date to dine,
When a gruff-voiced man yelled from Isphana:
"Hang up; I want the line."

Then the bell-voiced girl broke on the swirl
For a call to Singapore;
But from Honolu' came a message through
To a New York dry-goods store:
And a tangled sound began to pound
Her ear with a deadly click,
And poor Central stopped and her head-band
dropped—

"Give it up; that's old Czar Nick."

—San Francisco Examiner
Copyright Star Company.

To the Departed

The sounds of mirth and joy rang out
From guest and friends and host;
But revelry departed as
They drank the silent toast.

"To friends who were and are no more,"

They raised their glasses high;
And when the feast went on again,
Mist showed in many an eye.

At the Oculists

C, F, G, T, R.

And the other one looks like Q.
'Tis funny the pranks of those printed lines
There staring across at you.
You think you can read them all;
You used to a year ago.
The fact that they blur and squirm and twist
Is not a nice thing to know.

F, J, G, Q, T.

One more and 'twould all be fine,
But you know 'tis the trick of the turning lens
'That helps you to read the line.
It comes with a twisty blur,
A turn and it stands out clear.
You sigh at the change that has come to pass
In your eyes in a flitting year.

F, R, T, L, C.

But the lens is a convex now,
And the thought that the glasses must be your
lot
Brings wrinkles across your brow.
You think how you used to laugh
At Teacher behind his back,
And ask if they'll call you a "four-eyed mug."
That impudent, lawless pack!

S, Z, Y, K, T.

But they're out of their rightful place.
'Tis strange how your vision is altered quite
By something before your face.
And the letters dance around
At the turn of the doctor's wrist—
And is there a thing in the whole wide world
That you see without some twist?

No Censorship

To Christmas-land at the far North Pole
Where Santa Claus holds sway,
The mails will run for the little folks
From now to Christmas day.
The word goes forth from the Letterman
That he will send them through,
Though frozen fields, where the big bears growl
May make it hard to do.

Once on a time they were all held back
And little girls and boys
Got not one thing of all they asked
In candy, dolls and toys;
But Santa Claus, he felt so bad
To think he didn't know
He wrote and asked the Letter-man
Next time to let them go.

So Santa Claus will get all his mail
From small folks in this town,
And little notes from tiny hands
Will weight the mail bags down.
And Santa's friends who can afford
To help bring Christmas joys,
Will need to plan to aid Old Nick
Make good with girls and boys.

Excuses

Life is a grim taskmaster—

’Tis well if you realize—

Results are the one thing counted,

No matter how hard one tries.

You may have the best excuses

With proofs of the strongest sort;

But only one thing is noticed—

The tale of the bricks is short.

Perhaps they will give a pittance

To keep you from hunger’s grip.

Perhaps they will say: “Poor fellow;

Too bad that his hand should slip.”

But with all this feeble kindness,

The matter that really counts

Is whether the work is delivered

In requisite amounts.

Your car may be late at work-time.

Or sleep may have failed your eyes—

The time clock there by the entrance

Will keep no record of “whys.”

And pain may stiffen the fingers,

And sorrow divert the thought;

But when they compute your wages,

These troubles will count for naught.

Life is a grim task-master—

’Tis well if this fact one heeds.

The only thing that he reckons

On his changeless page is deeds:

And here is the fact that meets us,

And often may be of use—

The smallest task that is finished

Is better than best excuse.

The Moses of Steam

I like to read in Holy Writ
The story never old
Of how the land of corn and wine
To Moses' eye was rolled,
But told his feet could never press
The sod toward which he'd striven,
For younger leader he resigned
And bowed to will of Heaven.

Manhattan Transfer's bareness views
A Pisgah scene each hour.
The Moses locomotive stands
In undiminished power.
Upon the sight the Woolworth looms,
Yet he of smoke and flame
Must give his charge to other hands
And turn from whence he came.

As Jordan old was parted for
The feet of Israel's band,
The Hudson tunnel clears the way
To Gotham's promised land.
And as the prophet's steps were stayed
In sight of Canaan's shore,
The leader Steam, which found the way,
Is not permitted o'er.

The gray plume of the engine seems
Like prophet's beard of old.
For years he led his docile train
To where the Hudson rolled,
But when the way was cut along
The bed of that great stream,
The young electric engine trod
The path denied to steam.

Costly Insect

The rug-bug is a funny beast;

I can't describe his looks;

But I can say he has a way

To lighten pocket-books.

You get a block of cash in stock

And aim to make it more;

With spirits high you'll stop to buy

A rug from out the store.

Just something small for den or hall,

'Twill scarcely cost a dollar;

But once inside, that bug will ride

Securely in your collar.

For stacked in piles of seeming miles,

Axminster, Wilton, Brussels,

You're lured along by siren song

Of blends and weaves and rustles.

And for the lure there is no cure,

Nor physical nor mental,

Until your gold is in the hold

Of some shrewd Oriental.

The rug-bug is a wily beast

As any now among you

You never know how far you'll go

When once the thing has stung you.

“Bobs”

(Lord Roberts)

You have met your end at last,
Noble “Bobs.”
Like some great tree in the blast,
Splendid “Bobs.”
Though you weathered four-score years,
Calmed the people through their fears.
Now you win the nation’s tears—
Their own “Bobs.”

Hero to our fathers’ sires,
Soldier “Bobs”;
India’s and Afric’s fires,
Knew you, “Bobs.”
Trusted as a stripling then
You upheld your colors when
Kandahar thrice-tested men,
Gallant “Bobs.”

Grieved and old, you turned again,
Honored “Bobs.”
Drove the Boer back to his den,
Brave old “Bobs.”
And when life was almost through,
Showed yourself a soldier true,
Went where England needed you—
Martyr “Bobs.”

While a nation bows in grief,
Princely “Bobs.”
The example of their chief,
Noble “Bobs.”
Will make soldiers stronger stand,
Great of heart and strong of hand,
In defense of your dear land—
Deathless “Bobs.”

Reached the Limit

The folks have the mail order craze,
Be it dresses, or druggot, or drays,
Or a watch for the wrist,
They will buy from a list,
Though I can never see where it pays.

Each rocker, lamp, bureau or pail,
Though cheaper right home at a sale,
Where 'tis easy to see,
They will buy C. O. D.,
For the sake of just shopping by mail.

But now on their joy there's a blot;
To the end of the rope they have got.
A house they would buy
And they cannot see why
The dealers can't send them a lot.

Ungrateful

I saw a little prairie dog
So wistful and alone.
He gazed at me as I passed by
And almost seemed to moan
"O sad, neglected prairie dog,"

I said I'm lonely too.
I'll make this place a farming spot
And live along with you."

I built a cot and plowed a field
And made my plans to stay
But when I sought my prairie dog
I found he'd fled away.

Unscientific Enjoyment

I never studied botany;
My Latin lore is scant;
By classic name I wouldn't know
A tree or shrub or plant;
But walking 'mongst the growing things
And drinking in the scene,
Enough that skies above are blue
And grass below is green.

The leaves that peep through buds of brown
Are beautiful to me,
Not knowing serrate, spatulate
Or such from X Y Z.
The flowers nodding from the grass
To me are just as sweet
As if in polysyllable
Their names I could repeat.

With buds on trees and moss on banks
And birds upon the wing,
I do not need a science book
To help enjoy the spring;
And walking out on days like this
Most certainly confirms
The thought that Nature smiles for all
Though weak on Latin terms.

The Emergency Brake

I saw a thing with a dangling string
In a corner of the car.
I gazed intent, for I have a bent
To find what such things are.
I looked and looked till my neck was crooked,
To figure out the thing,
And it seemed to talk and my wonder mock
With its dangling, swaying string.

Till without a sound and with no one 'round,
I gave a good hard jerk.
Yes, 'twas rather wrong, but I'd waited long
To see how it would work.
Then the train stopped short and with sudden
snort
The engine just broke loose;
And I'm lying low; but I had to know;
And I think that's some excuse.

Out-Trotted

The shade of Maud S. wandered back to her stall.
The stable was changed to a turkey-trot hall.
And Gotham's Four Hundred cavorted and
pranced
Where after her triumphs the grand horse had
danced.
"I showed 'em two-forty," the old horse ex-
claimed,
"But these people's speed has my best efforts
shamed."

He's Writing a Book

He's writing a book.

For the lure of the muse he a good job forsook,
For days and for days and the nights in between,
In his flat he's kept pounding his typing machine,
And his heart fills with pride as his fancy-child
grows,

For publishers soon must come begging, he knows.
He'll live till that day by some hook or some
crook.

He's writing a book.

He's writing a book.

You count yourself lucky for one advance look,
Or perhaps he will snatch a short time from his
mill

And read to you portions with pride and good
will;

And you gasp at the daring of word and of plot,
And you feel he must win and you envy his lot
And marvel that any brain ever could cook
That wonderful book.

With that magic book,

Your friend soars aloft on the wing like a rook.
And with motive power none but the might of his
brain

He carries you off to far Kansas or Spain.
As he reads the live lines and you see his eyes
gleam,

The hero and heroine close to you seem,
And you revel in scene after scene from their
lives.

The pictures are clear as though cut out with
knives,

And the action moves on with the purl of a brook,
In his wondrous book.

While he's on his book,
His friends will all miss him from each old-time
nook;
And they gather in groups one another to tell
How he'll be back among them if all should go
well,
And some claim they've known of his genius for
years,
While others from envy will give vent to sneers;
But they never can know the pure uplift and joy
That comes to him there and that never can cloy,
And winning or losing, he never mistook,
In writing a book.

Morning Cry

Give me three winks of sleep, Mother,
Only three winks of sleep.
Why do you make me rise, Mother?
Pray, won't the wheat-cakes keep?
Set them back on the stove, Mother;
Save me some coffee, too.
Give me three winks of sleep, Mother,
Just for this morning, do.

Oh, yes, I know, it's 7, Mother;
Train goes at ten to 8.
Still, I can make it fine, Mother;
Just let the breakfast wait.
Only three winks of sleep, Mother.
Ere it is time to go—
Train due in fifteen minutes?
Why don't you tell one so?

The Drawbridge Whistles

How often have you listened on a quiet summer's night

To the whistles for the drawbridge on the Sound,

And the booming from the steamers with response so shrill and light

Must be echoing in minds the world around.

Oh, it haunts you when you've heard it, till you never can forget,

For the bellow from the steamer seems to say:
"I'm coming there, I'm coming; have you made a channel yet?"

And a piping blast replies: "I'll clear the way."

And mayhap your mind will picture as you listen to the song,

Some precious cargo moving to the sea,
And you think of massive engines that are moving it along

To the ports where you've so often longed to be.
But with all the wealth and power that is borne upon the tide

And the brain and brawn that's mustered in the crew,
There will be no noble voyage to the distant parts and wide.

Till the tiny donkey engine lets them through.

Oh, the shrilling donkey engine ne'er can travel from its post,

And its life like yours may be a dreary round,
And its power is so tiny that its whistle seems a boast,

But without it giant ships would fast be bound.
And you listen to the whistles on a quiet summer's night,
With their shrilling "Whee!" and echo-stirring
"Whoo!"
There's a lesson you may gather; oft an arbiter
of might
Cannot move till some wee engine lets him
through.

A Spring Idyl

When spring-like breezes kiss the land
And woo me from the town,
I love to stroll in open ways
Some purling brook adown,
And wander through the wooded fields
That skirt its waters clear
To where the legend greets the eye—
"You must not trespass here"

With gun on arm I make my way
O'er rural hill and plain,
And think of how the balmy air
Gives respite from all pain.
For all the ills that vex the soul
I find a sweet solution.
What sign is this? It says: "Keep off
Or suffer prosecution."

Yon shaded cot shall be a bower
Wherein I'll dine and rest,
With cakes and milk and rosy fruit
All mine for the request.
What words of welcome do I see
Affixed to that old log?
They tell me unmistakably:
"Keep out; beware the dog."

Spring Training Time

Now soon the swatters of the ball
Will journey to the South,
Where sunny waters greet the eye
And corn-pones tempt the mouth.
Where landlords wear their broadest smile
And girls are sweet and gay.
Spring training time is at the door;
The teams are on the way.

From poolroom and from dentist shop,
From drug store and from law,
From life of ease or frugal toil
At home with Maw and Paw,
They're answering the magnate's call.
And at an early day
They'll gambol o'er the Southern field;
The season's on the way.

The scribes will soon be tearing hair
To fill their daily space;
They'll write of golf, of sea, of air,
And features of the place.
The fans at home will eat the dope
As fans will always do,
And wonder not how little news
Of sport has trickled through.

And on the ball-lot's stretch of green
The men will train to form,
The veterans with easy mien,
The nervous "bushers" warm.
And some new men will make the team
And some old vets will fall;
For short and shaky is the life
Of swatters of the ball.

And soon they will be turning back
Familiar with the ropes
But stop along the tortuous way
To play the rural hopes,
And when in April we attend
The gladsome opening day,
We'll welcome back the good old team;
The season's on the way.

Moles

Prisoners deep in the hidden way,
Shut from the scenes of a busy world,
Thus are the thousands who toil each day
Forward and back in the subway whirled.
Over their heads is the hum of trade,
Never once ceasing throughout the year,
Yet in these burrows that man has made
Not a weak murmur can reach the ear.

Far up above is the light of day,
Hurrying footsteps and busy hands,
Surging of people in every way,
Meeting of races from distant lands.
Ships may plough over their narrow cell,
Bound for a voyage across the seas.
Sailors hail friends with a lusty yell.
Naught of the tumult can pierce to these.

Spirited swiftly by paths most blind,
Thousands and thousands are borne each day,
Leaving the life of the town behind,
Rising from depths of earth far away.
Over their heads is the open air,
Bustle and life and the walks of men,
But to these moles there is just one care,
Getting to labor and home again.

Non-Essential

Jerusha Jackson scrubbed to send
Her Rufe to study art.
She thought that he'd be famous
If he only got a start.

But gazing at his easel
She saw something to appal.
For Rufe had drawn the old red cow
With not a tail at all.

"You see, it's dis way. Maw," he said
As she began to wail,
"The teacher tole us get the form,
Not boddah with de-tail."

Conflicting Treatment

"Canst cure my corn?" he cried in pain.
"Yea," said the mind cure man.
Just place your mind upon the spot
And think as hard's you can."

The patient tried his best to keep
His head upon his feet,
But when he got the mind-cure bill
He couldn't make ends meet.

He Kept at It

He's assistant prosecutor

In a thriving Western town
And I'd like to have the income
That my friend is pulling down,
But although 'tis he that has it,
I'm not jealous of his luck,
For it came from perseverance,
Hardest work and finest pluck.

I remember when he started
In the law school long ago,
We had places near together
In the very self-same row,
And I often had my lessons
Well as he did, every bit;
But he won the final battle
By his everlasting grit.

When he wasn't conning Blackstone
He was working in a shop,
And with days and nights of labor
It would seem that he would drop:
But he somehow topped the up-grade,
Got his sheepskin, took his oath,
And they've given him an office,
And to hear it I'm not loath.

Tapping on my "mill" this evening,
I remember that old school,
Where we faced the "quiz" together,
Stumbling over form and rule.
And though paths have gone asunder
Envy for him ne'er shall lurk
For old classmate won advancement
By persistence, nerve and work.

Kelly at the Sewer

(Elizabeth, N. J.)

The strong men of El Mora,
By the nine gods they swore,
The copious floods of Roselle Park
Should sweep by them no more.
By the nine gods they swore it,
And stormed the council hall—
Bade city dads no time to waste,
But sent brave Neafsey forth in haste,
The hated trench to wall.

Bold Neafsey walled the sewer;
El Mora slept once more,
When standing firm with Roselle Park,
The county lords, Freeholders dark,
The dam in fragments tore.
Then Neafsy at the Mayor's call
Again with concrete built the wall.

He called the noble Kelly,
A gallant bluecoat he,
And said: "The force has not your peer
To guard the sewer for me."
And Kelly donned his helmet
And rubbed his badge with care.
"A man can freeze to death but once—
Aye, aye, sir; I'll be there."

There be some score householders,
The staunchest in the land
Who sit in fair El Mora,
As her improvement band;
And with one voice this body
Has glad approval given:
“Well done, well done, our Neafsey bold,
And Kelly, blest of heaven.”

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear,
“To arms! The Mayor of Roselle Park
And all his clan are here;
And Daniel of the Dynamite
Is ripe to do their wish.”
Then all El Mora’s leaders ran
To meet the hosts of Fish.

I wot not if Roselle Park men
Were lurking in the wood,
But cheered by all El Mora’s best
The gallant Kelly stood,
While Sergeants Fretz and Reitemeyer
Bring reinforcements good.
Von Bischoffshausen on the left,
Delaney on the right,
And brave Kilmett and Sattler true.
All spoiling for the fight.

Full well would sound a tale of arms.
With gallant men and bold,
But these stood side by side all night
And only caught a cold.
And when the bard shall seek a theme,
His thrilling notes and pure
Must tell how Neafsey did the job
And Kelly watched the sewer.

The Sewer Battle

Ho, trumpets, sound a war note!
Ho, people, clear the way.
The cops shall stand in all their pride
Upon the streets to-day.
Where froths the battled sewer
Behind its wall of lime,
Brave Gibney brought the scurried hosts
Of Roselle Park to time.

You've read Von Bischoffshausen's
And Kelly's gallant stand
When fair El Mora's need was dire
And foemen were at hand,
But now we tell of Gibney
Who, standing in his might,
Put Fish, the head of Roselle Park,
And all his host to flight.

Brave Gibney at the sewer
Mused how the hand of fate
Broke "doings" on another's beat
And left him off the slate.
"Ah," quoth the gallant bluecoat,
"Had I been there that night,
I'd scoured the woods from dark to dawn
Ere one escaped in flight."

But hark; what distant rumble,
What glint upon the eye
Stirs Gibney like a riot call
When bricks begin to fly?
Adown the way the Mayor of Roselle Park ap-
pears,
And with him come that mighty crew,
With swarthy face, Italians two,
Who bear their picks like spears.

Then from the ranks proud Harwood,
For that is Fish's name,
Spake, "Let us crack that dam and we
Will go from whence we came,"
But Gibney reached his holster
And drew his shining "Gat"—
"The man who says he'll get by me
Is talking through his hat."

Proud Harwood thought how on that spot
Full many years ago,
A British bayonet ran through
And laid a soldier low.
He didn't like to think of steel
Nor face that Gibney gun,
So he and both his mighty host
Back-tracked it on the run.

I still am hoping that some time
On that historic spot
This humble bard may find a tale
Of mighty battle fought,
But now to "Kelly at the Sewer,"
There's naught to add but that
Brave Gibney put a host to flight
With nothing but a "Gat."

The Strategy of Harwood

For one full moon El Mora
In blissful safety slept
Because the city's concrete wall
Roselle Park sewer kept.
The prowess of bold Kelly
Had made their homes secure,
For since the night he went on guard
That wall had stayed the sewer.

But ways of guile are subtle
And ways of sin are dark,
But craftier, deeper, darker still
The ways of Roselle Park.
They knew while Kelly guarded
At night their hand must stay,
And so they formed the crafty plan
To storm the place by day.

And Tipping, Shea and Scudder
Were sent to do the thing,
For Harwood's moustache well was known
And vengeance quick would bring.
With pick and crow and mattock,
Swift worked the crafty three;
But Wade, he of the engineers
Right haply chanced to see,
And soon by phonic message
And puffing gosolene,
The forces of El Mora's friends
Were rallied to the scene.

O then did fall a scene of rout
And one that barred escape
Though Tipping tip and Scudder send
And Shea "shtart on the lape."
And to the hostile's yawning doors
The culprits three were taken
And not till Tipping's gold was pledged
Was grasp upon them shaken.

Roselle Park sewer's battled wall
Shows forth full many a theme
How Gilney stayed bold Harwood's hand
And Kelly watched the stream
But this within the annals long
On its own page shall stand.
For showing that who breaks that wall
Shall feel the law's stern hand.

But now Roselle Park's sewer spouts
Upon El Mora fair
Because King Harwood sent his hosts
When Kelly wasn't there.

Von Muller's Way

The Kaiser's cruiser Emden,
A sunken wreck is she;
The scourge of British shipping
Is lying fathoms low,
But foes salute her master,
Von Muller loved will be;
For helpless wife and children,
He let a vessel go.

The merchantman Kabinga
Fell in the Emden's path.
What good to plead for mercy.
Her skipper thought, but no—
When told a helpless woman
Would suffer by his wrath,
Von Muller took his men away
And let the vessel go.

But first unto the woman
The captured ship he gave
Remarking to the skipper.
“Please let your owners know,
So far as it concerns them
You're deep beneath the wave,
But for your wife and children
I'd rather let you go.”

Von Muller in war's annals
A golden line has he,
Example for the rulers
Now causing endless woe.
He might have sent the foeman
To the bottom of the sea,
But for a wife and children,
He told them they might go.

Five million are embattled;
Ten thousand fall each day;
The widows and the orphans
Are plunged in blackest woe.
How better if the rulers
Could like Von Muller say:
“You're whipped, but for the children
And wives I'll let you go.”

The Engineer

The army's foremost engineers
For many days had tried
To build a massive pontoon bridge,
But cannon quelled their pride.
A quiet builder did the work,
Just one span in the clear,
The army's best took off their hats
To Jack Frost, engineer.

A deep morass had barred the march
Arranged with subtle skill.
The engineers could find no plan
The hungry bog to fill,
But then the wizard of the frost
To flout their puny might,
Made solid footing through the way
Within a single night.

A pestilence hung o'er the field
Where thousands had been slain,
To stop the noisome, fearful thing
All efforts had been vain.
The sanitary engineer
Jack Frost to scorn their lore
Put forth his wand, the air was pure
Where it had reeked before.

"Jack Frost, Jack Frost, you king," they cried;
Remain with us for aye."
The wizard gave a mocking laugh;
"Then be it as you say."
He sank upon the 'fenseless band
And froze them into stone.
"I care not for your plans," he cried;
"I work to serve my own."

Tip to the Weather Man

Mr. Weather Man, you're wise—
Far more so than I—
Know just how much trouble lies
Back of bright blue sky.
Yet in methods, I must say,
You're not up-to-date.
Take for instance, now, the way
Rains accumulate.

Every year about this time
Everything is soaked,
Can't keep dry worth half a dime
'Less you're rubber cloaked.
Then in August when the earth
Really wants rain,
You won't grant a pennyworth.
That's what gives us pain.

Here's the tip I have for you,
Mr. Weather Man—
Why not try your work to do
On the storage plan?
Storage men are getting rich
So the papers say,
Selling eggs in winter which
They have iced in May.

So if you're up-to-date,
Popular and nice,
When your rains accumulate,
Put them down on ice.
Store the January thaw,
Likewise April showers—
Ice them till the summer time
For those crops of ours.

We admire you many ways,
Mr. Weather Man,
And we think you'll find it pays—
This cold storage plan.

Chautauqua

I've wandered somewhat west and east
And sought new places for my home;
But old Chautauqua never ceased
To be the best beneath the dome.
The Hudson bathes the Palisades;
The mellow Catskills kiss the skies;
The Mohawk's rich in lights and shades—
Chautauqua's finest in my eyes.

I like the ocean's tossing deep,
The Mississippi's giant stream,
But sight of neither e'er can keep
Lake Erie's shores from out my dream.
I like to gaze on Woolworth's tower;
I like the endless western plain;
But neither o'er me has a power
Like seeing my old home again.

I crossed its breadth the other day,
Its hills, its shores, its vineyards fair,
And proud indeed I was to say
That naught with it can quite compare.
And north and south and east and west
May show their wonders rich and grand;
But Bloomfield's lines will ring the best—
"There is no land like this dear land."

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